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THE
TRAVELLER;

or,

A PROSPECT OF SOCIETY.

BY DR. GOLDSMITH.



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THE TRAVELLER.

♦♦♦

Inscribed to the Rev. Mr. H. Goldsmith.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee :
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags, at each remove, a lengthen'd chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend ;
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire ;
Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair :
Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale :
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good !

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent, and care :



Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle, bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Yeglitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale;
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir! the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man supplies;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;
And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows bless'd.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam;
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And tho' the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's pow'r so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails;
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence ev'ry state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:



Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd,
 Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
 Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
 That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
 Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
 It's uplands sloping, deck the mountain's side,
 Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
 While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between,
 With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
 The sons of Italy were surely bless'd.
 Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
 That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
 Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
 Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
 Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
 With vernal lives, that blossom but to die:
 These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
 Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;
 While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
 To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
 And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
 In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
 Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
 Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
 Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;
 Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
 And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
 All evils here contaminate the mind,
 That opulence departed leaves behind;
 For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
 When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state:
 At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
 Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
 The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm,
 The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form.

Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave :
And late the nation found with fruitless skill
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supply'd
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride ;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade ;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd,
The sports of children satisfy the child ;
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul ;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind :
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed ;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them—turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display ;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread :
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May ;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here, Content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.



Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
 He sees his little lot the lot of all;
 Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
 To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
 No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
 To make him loath his vegetable meal;
 But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
 Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
 Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
 Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
 With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
 Or drives his vent'rous plough-share to the steep;
 Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
 And drags the struggling savage into day.
 At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,
 He sits him down, the monarch of a shed;
 Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
 His children's looks, that brighten at the blaze;
 While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
 Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
 And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
 With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart
 Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
 And e'en those ills, that round his mansion rise,
 Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
 Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
 And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
 And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
 Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
 So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
 But binds him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd:
 Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
 Yet let them only share the praises due;
 If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
 For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast,
 Becomes a source of pleasure when redress'd.

Whence from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,
Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures; or, if raptures cheer,
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low:
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play [way,
Through life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the
These far dispers'd, on tim'rous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn—and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murm'ring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,
Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour!
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;



And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So bless'd a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming bless'd, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest'd,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace;
Here beggar-pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land;
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads it's long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore,



While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation, rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear,
E'en liberty itself is barter'd here.

At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my Genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspis glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd;
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great:
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human-kind pass by;



Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd fresh from nature's hand;
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too bless'd indeed were such without alloy,
But foster'd e'en by Freedom ills annoy;
That independance Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependant lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of Nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore,
Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As Nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stripp'd of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;

Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud Contempt, or Favour's fostering sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure :
For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O, then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms :
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free ;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillag'd from slaves, to purchase slaves at home ;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ;
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse with me that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power ;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchang'd for useless ore ?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers, bright'ning as they waste ;
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
And over fields, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren, solitary pomp repose ?

Have we not seen, at Pleasure's lordly call,
 The smiling long-frequented village fall?
 Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
 The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
 Forc'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
 To traverse climes beyond the western main;
 Where wild Oswega spreads her swamps around,
 And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound?

E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
 Thro' tangled forests and thro' dang'rous ways;
 Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
 And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim
 There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
 And all around distressful yells arise,
 The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
 To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
 Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
 And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search, to find
 That bliss which only centers in the mind!
 Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
 To seek a good each government bestows?
 In ev'ry government, though terrors reign,
 Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
 How small, of all that human hearts endure,
 That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.
 Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,
 Our own felicity we make or find:
 With secret course, which no loud storms annoy
 Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
 The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
 Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
 To men remote from power but rarely known,
 Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

END OF THE TRAVELLER.



